THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

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ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER.

No. 107.

INVENTION ſeems to conſtitute man the image of his Maker. It is that faculty of the human mind, that approximates nearest a work of creation. Combinations of objects ſometimes produce a third ſo diſtinct from either combined, as almoſt to ſeem an original production. The pleaſures of invention, whether in the mechanic or the fine arts, are among the moſt pure and permanent of intelligent natures. Whether ſoaring with Shakeſpeare in its brighteſt heaven, or ſailing with Charon to poetic hell, the effect is equally agreeable, and the cauſe equally fictitious. The delights of fable are exceeded by the raptures of fact. The philoſopher has run naked through the ſtreets with tranſport at an unexpected diſcovery, while "ευρηκα" was the only apology offered for his uncovered condition. The Wanderer was thrown into this train of thought by receiving from ſome unknown friend an ode to Invention. It notices the three principal diſcoveries, the Mariner's compaſs, gun powder, and the invention of letters. The cloſe of the alluſion to the firſt, introduces a proſopopœia of Ocean in imitation of that fine paſſage in Job, which Burke inſtances as an example of the true ſublime. Notwithſtanding the indignation of the lyriſt at the invention of gun powder, it may fairly be queſtioned, whether more evils than bleſſings have followed in its train. Wars, it can be demonſtrated, have been leſs ſanguinary ſince. Such men as Rouſſeau, may eagerly ſeize a fact of this nature, as a plauſible pretext to ſhow the ſuperiority of natural ſociety. Their object is to flaſh, not conviction, but fancy. The truth is, the progreſs of civilization has been accelerated, and the cauſe of humanity promoted, by the diſcovery of gun powder. In fact, this is ſo much one in its conſequences with the Mariner's compaſs, that the hiſtory of all would be given in the hiſtory of commerce. But this is only changing the object of attack. Of old was it ſaid of a commercial city, "her *merchants were princes and nobles*;" and commerce is therefore the object of democratic invective. But the honor of a merchant vindicates the moral tendency of commercial employment. *Laudo mercatorem*, ſays Bynkerſhoek, *qui fidem*, contra *leges datam, ſervat*. I applaud the merchant, who, ſcorning the diſcharge of law, keeps his contract. To his power he approximates Deity, and ſhows that to be juſt is *his will and pleaſure*. But the Wanderer intends not ſeriouſly to defend the influence of trade upon conduct and character. This would be in ſome meaſure to countenance faſhionable cant. Theſe remarks are ſuggeſted, not as a comment on the text, but as evidence of diſſent from its doctrine.

ODE TO INVENTION.

Spirit of creative power !
Genius of the midnight hour !
Competitor with Heav'n in strife,
Who shall bring the most to life !
Thee can no heaven of heavens contain ;
Nor bounds Immensity thy reign !
To thee the note would dare aspire ;
For thee is struck the trembling lyre !

When Darkness brooded o'er the deep
And death was fear'd on ev'ry wave,
And ev'ry billow seem'd a grave ;
Terror whisp'ring new alarms ;
Horror op'ning wide his arms,
Hope sinking into sleep ;
'Twas thou, that lit upon the deck,
Glanc'd at the Pole, and sav'd the crew from wreck !

Ocean beheld a power defy his storm ;
In wonder gaz'd, but could not scan its form.

When Dulness had o'erwhelm'd mankind,
In chaos sunk the world of mind ;
When Ignorance, in human shrine
Had nearly quench'd the spark divine ;
Nature seem'd dark'ning to its doom,
And all the universe was gloom ;
Thou spak'st, and at thy well known voice,
Mortals did again rejoice !
"Types" was the word that reach'd the ear of Night ;
And the dark ages instant roll'd to light.

Power for fickleness ador'd !
What can *means* presage ?
Lo, *leaden* talismen restor'd
The *golden* age !

But Ruin mounts her bloody car !
Havoc lets slip the dogs of war !
Mad sprite ! What would'st thou ? Dost delight in gore ?
Bid carnage swell, a sea without a shore !
But let an end be put to strife,
And glut thyself with human life !

Invention, heedless, gambols on the plain,
Dancing to groans along the heaps of slain.

View him frantic, in guilt's blunder,
Bid earth cope with heaven in thunder ;

Giving to men a pigmy rod,
Disarm the lightning of their God!
The terrors of Olympus play
Harmless where'er he points the way.
While his *more fell* artill'ry drives,
Where no conductor can save human lives!

When wilt thou, Great First Cause, bring peace?
When—bid the rage of battle cease?
Invention, wear thy mildest form,
In whirlwinds smile; appease the storm!
Light not, with unholy fire,
Humanity's funereal pyre.
But give to nature second birth,
Exploding passion out of earth!

Time is no more.—The world is past;
Fate's Trump proclaims creation's last.
Ruin will his work complete.
The elements with fervent heat
Dissolve; and heaven is on fire.
This scene Invention dares admire.
He bears us upon pinions bold
Beyond the flaming bounds of earth.*
'Tis he, that bids us thence behold
The Power destroying, that gave birth.
Bids us thence astonish'd gaze
At a universe in blaze.
Conscious creation bows to kiss the rod.
Nature in conflagration dies.
With wonder new,
He bids us view
A Phœnix from her ashes rise;
'Tis Gratitude to God!

* ——"*Extra flammantia mœnia mundi.*"

FOR THE EMERALD.

CONVERSAZIONE.

THE word *circle* has various significations, and I am about to introduce another. This word implies at one moment a *charm*, which like that of the magician's, repels every intruder; thus the would-be people of fashion exclaim, "our most polite *circles*," "people of a *certain* circle," and the like. This last, with a stress laid on the word *certain*, together with an exulting, or rather insulting toss of the head, has peculiar significancy; and the vulgar easily understand the insinuation. At another time it means a cypher, by which the same people of fashion, who having no *family* to boast of, contrive to represent *themselves*. These *cyphers* are painted on their carriages, their tea-equipages, &c. and it must be confessed they are an apt exemplification of the true value of the owner. The word takes another meaning when our squeamish fashion-

ables say, "a circle of low fellows." These are some of the varieties of which the word *circle* is susceptible; and I now wish to introduce another kind, differing in some particulars from either: a circle of queer, witty, eccentric *unaccountables*. Four of these sublime geniuses met the other evening at a tavern in this city, celebrated for gambling parties, mercantile references, turtle soup and evening dancing academies. I say academies, for every thing now-a-days must have a *name* of distinction, from the tailor to the president of the country. Thus —— is called the ninth part of a man, and Mr. Jefferson is entitled a philosopher. A cobbler calls his stall "a *shoe-warehouse*;" the *retailer* the moment he aspires to selling a whole piece of bobbin, becomes a *wholesale* dealer, and writes *merchant*, and even the dancing-master distinguishes his capering school with the name of *academy*.

Well, these *unaccountables* met; and for what purpose? Did they meet on Tuesday and Saturday evenings to waste their time and money, at loo, whist, or what not, as is the constant habit of some of the "gravest senators of Venice?" men, who would leave the company of the wittiest and most sensible people, to enjoy the luxury of debating how a trick at a card table might have been saved or won. No, though this gambling practice may have the authority and sanction of the *grey beards* and wizzards of this great city of Gath; it is a "custom" so much "more honoured in the *breach*, than the observance," that even eccentricity would be fearful of the censure it might incur by the practice Neither did they meet to sport a toe among the *clodhoppers* of evening dancing schools. These "perfections placed in bones and nerves," are of "a meaner rank," than the aim of their intentions. They had for a long time known and delighted in each other. Wit, whim, mirth and eccentricity prevailed whenever they had a meeting: and they now took a special occasion to digest a plan, with a view partly to enjoy that felicity in the company of themselves, which the polite or impolite world could not afford them, and partly to preserve in some convenient form their aggregated observations, whims and witticisms, which if scattered individually, like water thrown into the sea could never again be collected. Besides, the meeting of such geniuses, like the collision of flint and steel, would produce flashes, which, if either had remained separate, would indeed have been latent, but never would have been elicited. They shew by this then, they have vanity. And what great men have not? Who was vainer than Alexander and Diogenes; General Wilkinson, and the conqueror of Derne? The notions of the club in their own estimation will be very important. Their opinions will of course overthrow the absurdity, their wit purify the bad taste, and their whims amuse the *blockheadedness* of the fashionable world.

It will not be requisite to relate, how numerous were the schemes proposed to carry their design into execution. Fable, allegory, essays, dreams, dialogue, and many other expedients were suggested; they are all *trite*, exclaimed every wit in the club, and were dismissed. At length the title which dignifies the head of this paper was hit upon and agreed to. Now though the *coterie* will no more resemble an Italian *Conversazione* than that does, one of our *pic nic* squirrel-eating—*ti-tum-ti* parties, the club nevertheless borrowed the name without ceremony, "as the monkey did the claw of the cat, to draw the chesnut from the fire." As some people imagine there is more virtue in the name than in the matter, so the club chose their title before they had determined on a plan of operations. A battle of brains of course ensued, and after a great deal of generalship displayed on both sides; after a variety of evolution and counter evolution, many hair-breadth escapes of conflicting ideas; after many squadrons of opinions were destroyed on either side, though reinforced by the heavy artillery of argument or the band of sharp shooters, in the garb of witticism; in truth after a well-fought field in which (as in all other cases) General Obstinacy en-

tirely routed General Goodsense, it was determined that the manner of proceeding should be in manner and form following.

That the *coterie* consisting of Ralph Lumberbrain, Esq. Ichabod Idle, Gent. Roderick Rapid, A. M. and Cymon Cynic, secretary, shall take successive turns to scout the city of *Gath* once in a fortnight; and report progress at the next periodical meeting, after their several commissions shall have been issued.

(To be continued.)

THE DRAMA.

No. 5.

THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

Monday, November 23.

AMONG the useful and entertaining writers of the present age, Mr. Murphy, the author of "*The Grecian Daughter*," is fairly entitled to a distinguished rank. His comedies are generally pleasing from their wit, and ease of dialogue, and are always commendable for the pure morality they inculcate. As an editor, his edition of "*Johnson's Works*," as a critic, his "*Life of Garrick*," and as an elegant scholar, his "*Translation of Tacitus*," have rendered him a distinguished ornament to English literature.

The tragedy of *The Grecian Daughter*, however, has not contributed to exalt the reputation of Mr. Murphy as a dramatic poet. This production, whether it be considered in relation to the plot, or the poetry, is by no means equal to the talents of the author. The ideas in the one, without being remarkable for their beauty or force, are too often borrowed, and that indeed together with the very expressions in which they are conveyed; and in the other, the subject had been previously touched by M. Belloy in his *Lemire*, though the story begins after the daughter has extricated her father from prison. Besides, the characters are too much in the heroics, to excite sympathy or compassion. Mrs. Inchbald makes an objection to the plot, that though much is said of the 'godlike Timoleon,' yet he is never seen; we think, however, by obviating this objection the author would have fallen into another of more consequence. By conferring all the necessary importance to the character of the Grecian hero, he would have rendered his play yet more *heroical*, and by endeavouring to inweave a new interest in his story, he would have destroyed the unity of the composition. The *filial piety* of Euphrasia is now the predominant object of solicitude; and in his particular management of the emotion, the poet has contrived to render the story affecting, without fictitious ornament, and historically true, without indelicacy. His female is the principal personage in the scene, and to her all the characters are made subservient. The more self-possession, or perseverance, the poet gives to his heroine the more the sympathy of the auditor will naturally diminish; when capacity inheres in ourselves to bear us through difficulty, the help of others is the less necessary, and more hard to be obtained.

From these observations, it will appear that the play under consideration, has owed more to the exertions of the performers for its success, than to its own intrinsic merits. Mr. Murphy himself, with great modesty, attributes to the supreme excellence of Mr. and Mrs. Barry, in the parts of Evander and Euphrasia, the uncommon reputation which it acquired—We are the more inclined to credit this observation, since we remarked how exceedingly *dull* it was rendered by the *bad* performance of Monday evening. Even an indifferent personation cannot entirely destroy the interest of Shakespeare!

The appearance of an actress like Mrs. Warren, in Boston, is a novelty of great theatrical importance. When as Miss Brunton and afterwards as Mrs. Merry, she performed in London, in opposition to Mrs. Siddons, we could little have anticipated the pleasure we have now experienced, of witnessing on the Boston boards, the *debut* of the rival of the best actress in the world. Mrs. Warren's person is inclining to corpulency, and her face, perhaps from this circumstance, is not well suited to the expression of sorrow; though the emotions of astonishment, joy, hope and elevation of mind, are finely portrayed by her countenance. Her voice in unimpassioned utterance is delightfully harmonious and clear; but in violent exclamation it wants volume, and becomes rather shrill and unpleasant. Her performance of Belvidera evidently excited great interest to witness her second representation, & in Euphrasia she confirmed the favourable sentiments inspired

by her first appearance. If we observed some defects, they were evidently the result of the most intolerably bad support which excepting by *Usher*, and sometimes by *Fox*, she received from the performers. She was indeed by no means equal in excellence: but in the dialogue with Dionysius in the 4th act she was remarkably impressive. In the instances which follow were some of her most prominent beauties of utterance.

"The *righteous gods*
Have *mark'd* thy ways, and will in time repay
Just retribution."

"And does my *Phocion share Timoleon's* glory?"

"From *thee* the crown! from *thee!* Euphrasia's children
Shall on a *nobler* basis found *their* rights,
On their own *virtue* and a people's *choice.*"

"Ask of thee *protection!*
The father's *valour* shall *protect* his boy."

(*Speaking of Phocion.*) "Dost thou deem him
Poorly wound up to a mere *fit* of valour,
To melt away in a weak *woman's tear?*"

This passage however wanted a conveyance of exultation.

"The *Punic* fleet
Half lost, is swallowed by the roaring sea.
The *shattered refuge* seeks the *Lybian* shore,
To bear the news of their *defeat* to *Carthage.*"

The emphasis of this lady is in general, remarkably correct and impressive; and the business of the scene is conducted by her with uncommon ease of execution. Her action is peculiarly graceful and appropriate. But she is apt to overstrain her voice, which, while it spoils its harmony, is often liable to break in upon the beauty of the sentence, by too abrupt a descent in the transition of her utterance.

Mr. Caulfield, as Dionysius, had too much of fustian and rant; and in verse, his *sing-song* manner is remarkably unpleasant. If he would speak poetry *naturally*, that is without the least *whine*, the improvement as it would render his performance a thousand times better, would make him much more popular with every branch of the audience—As he performed this evening we hardly knew the character he personated.

Mr. Fox was creditable if not eminent in his performance of Philotas; at any rate, there were no "blotches in his work;" nothing indicative of carelessness or inattention.

The *Evander of Mr. Usher*, though it was a respectable personation, wanted impression and apparent feeling. He also wanted *venerableness* (if we may be allowed the expression) in his appearance. How it happened, he omitted to wear a beard, is rather strange. It was natural, an old man confined so long, should have a long beard. Besides the circumstance would have added interest to the part.

We shall not add to the mortification *Mr. Cromwell* experienced in the part of *Phocion*, by offering our opinion of his playing. We however beg leave to hint to the managers, that it was not altogether correct, to suffer the husband of Euphrasia, to form not only the most decided contrast to her, as personated by Mrs. Warren, but also to the character itself as described by the poet.

Mr. Dykes played Melanthon, without exciting a lively interest, or producing great satisfaction. But as much is not expected from Mr. Dykes in tragedy, so there is no great disappointment if much is not performed.

From the impediments thrown in the way of the performance of this tragedy, it was to the last degree tedious and uninteresting, notwithstanding the acknowledged exertions of Mrs. Warren, in the part she undertook to personate.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

The envy of Pope, with respect to contemporary merit, has been a charge advanced with much plausibility, and we have yet seen no reasons to doubt of its validity. Mrs. Pilkington, when she was reading the letters of Pope to Swift, could not avoid remarking to the Dean, that "notwithstanding the friendship Mr. Pope professed for Mr. Gay, he could not forbear a great many satirical, or, if she might be allowed to say so, envious remarks on the success of the Beggar's opera. The Dean very frank-

ly owned, he did not think Mr. Pope was so candid to the merit of other writers as he ought to be. She then ventured to ask the Dean, whether he thought the lines Mr. Pope addresses him with in the beginning of the Dunciad, were any compliment to him? *viz.*

O thou! whatever title please thine ear.

"I believe," said he, "they were meant as such, but they are very stiff." "Indeed, Sir," said she, he is so perfectly a master of harmonious numbers, that, had his heart been the least affected with his subject, he must have writ better. How cold, how forced, are his lines to you, compared with yours to him?

Hail, happy Pope! whose gen'rous mind, &c. vol. 6. p. 325.

Here we see the masterly poet, and the warm, sincere, generous friend; while he, according to the character he gives of Mr. Addison, *damns with faint praise.*"——"Well," replied the Dean, "I'll shew you a late letter of his." He did so; and Mrs. Pilkington was surprised to find it filled with low and ungentleman-like reflections, both on Mr. Gay, and the two noble persons who honoured him with their patronage after his dissapointment at court. "Well, Madam," said the Dean, "what do you think of that letter?" (seeing she had gone quite through it) "Indeed, Sir," (replied she) "I am sorry I have read it; for it gives me reason to think there is no such thing as a sincere friend to be met with in the world."—— "Why," replied he, "authors are as jealous of their prerogative as kings; and can no more bear a rival in the empire of wit, than a monarch could in his dominions."

When the splendid folio edition of Cæsar's Commentaries, by Clarke, published on purpose to be presented to the great Duke of Marlborough, was lately sold at the sale of Mr. Topham Beauclerk's library for forty-four pounds; it was accompanied with an anecdote respecting that gentleman's mode of acquiring that copy, which deserves to be made public. Upon the death of an officer, who had the book in his possession, his mother being informed it was of some value wished to dispose of it; and being told Mr. Topham Beauclerk was a proper person to offer it to, she waited upon him for that purpose. He asked what she required for it? and being answered four guineas, took it without hesitation, though unacquainted with the real value of the book. Being desirous, however, of some information with respect to the nature of the purchase he had made, he went to an eminent bookseller, and inquired of him what he would give for such a book; the bookseller replied, seventeen guineas. Mr. Beauclerk actuated by principles of strict justice and benevolence, went immediately to the person who sold him the book, and telling her she had been mistaken in the value of the book, not only gave her the additional thirteen guineas, but also generously bestowed a farther gratuity upon her. This anecdote is recorded with the greatest satisfaction, as it does justice to the memory of a character lately conspicuous amongst us for erudition and talents.

ON A GENTLEMAN MARRYING A MISS ROD.

The wedded state has oft been styl'd
The *scourge* of joys, 'tis odd
Its chastening hand though Damon knew,
He bending kissed the *Rod*.

The ancient curiosities found in

inscriptions, as they evince the character of the general inhabitants of the place where they were composed, and the manner of thinking in former periods, are agreeable subjects of amusement. In the ancient church of *Havenham* in Suffolk, there is the following curious inscription; "it had lain dormant many years, and totally closed from the eye of curiosity; but the man who new white-washed the church some years since observed it, and it is now much mutilated by the power of time, and is with great difficulty at present to be distinguished. I will transcribe the lines, as they are equally novel and gratifying; they are without any date, or other type of monumental inscription; and the suggestions that may arise on their perusal I will not restrain.

Thou Lord which from the Spanish yoake,
And from the powder blast,
And from the former sickness stroake,
And from this newly past,
Hast saved us, and ours, and thine,
So many as survive,
Oh, do not of thy grace divine
Our feeble soules deprive!
Lord bless the Parliamentall Courte,
Upper and Lower House;
And when to counsell they resorte,
In them remember us.
From king that sits upon the throne,
To begger in the streete,
Let all their by-past sinnes bemone
Before thy mercy seet;
That we and our posterity,
Safe hid under thy wing,
May ever of thy verity
And saving mercy sing.

THE DISTINCTION.

At public school, by chance, there were two lads,
Of the same name, but boasting different dads.
One's father kept a tavern, fam'd for cheer,
The other's was 'ycleped an auctioneer.
Mistakes to end, their schoolfellows so knowing,
Called the one (quaintly) *coming*, t'other *going*.

CHARACTERS OF SOME OF THE POETS AND ACTORS IN KING CHARLES II. REIGN.

This account is from the Gentleman's Magazine, 1745, given by an old man in his 87th year, from his recollection.

"I remember plain John Dryden (before he paid his court with success to the great) in one uniform cloathing of Norwich drugget. I have eat tarts with him and Madam Reeve at the Mulberry garden, when our author advanced to a sword and chadreux wig. Posterity is absolutely mistaken as to that great man though forced to be a satirist, he was the mildest creature breathing, and the readiest to help the young and deserving; though his comedies are horrible full of double entendres, yet it was owing to a false complaisance, for a dissolute age. He was in company the modestest man that ever conversed.

"Master Elkanah Settle, the city poet, I knew, with his short-cut band, and sattin cap. He run away from Oxford with the players at an act, as Otway did the same year 1674. You'll be glad to know any trifling circumstance concerning Otway. His person was of middle size, about five feet seven inches in height, inclinable to fatness. He had a thoughtful speaking eye, and that was all. He gave himself up early to drinking, and, like the unhappy wits of that age, passed his days between rioting and fasting, ranting jollity and abject penitence, carousing one week with Lord Pl———th, and then starving a month in low company at an ale-house on Tower-hill.

"Poor Nat. Lee (I cannot think of him without tears) had great merit. In the poetic sense he had, at intervals, inspiration itself: but

lived an outrageous boisterous life like his brethren. He was a well looking man, and had a very becoming head of hair. A picture of him I never saw. He was so esteemed and beloved, that before his misfortune we always called him honest Nat, and afterwards poor Nat.

"Shadwell in conversation was a brute. Many a cup of metheglin have I drank with little starched Johnny Crown; we called him so from the stiff unalterable primness of his long cravat.

"But this, my friend, is all the pure digression of old age. I will now speak to that part of your verses which relates to the first acting of Marriage A La Mode, on account of which you committed them to my inspection, desiring some account of the then existing theatre. This comedy, acted by his Majesty's servants at the Theatre Royal, made its first appearance with extraordinary lustre. Divesting myself of the old man, I solemnly declare that you have seen no such acting, no not in any degree since. The players were then, 1673, on a court establishment, seventeen men and eight women. But I am out of my province on this head It is to be hoped that Mr. Cibber will give us an history of the stage from Shakspeare's time, or at least from the restoration till the period where his own begins, 1690. If any traditionary accounts remain, he is the only man living who can inform you:— If he should die without composing such a work, the loss to the Belles Lettres world will be irreparable.

ON THE TAX UPON HATS.

"Though taxes with unsparing hand are dealt,
But this, beyond all others, will be *felt*."

NATHANIEL LEE.

Nathaniel Lee was the son of Dr. Lee, minister of Hatfield, in Hertfordshire. "Nathaniel, was educated at Westminster school, and Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He was a very handsome as well as ingenious man; but given to debauchery which necessitated a milk-diet, when some of his university comrades visiting him, he fell to drinking with them out of all measure, which flying up into his head, caused his face to break out into those carbuncles which were afterwards observed there; and also touched his brain, occasioning that madness so much lamented in so rare a genius. Tom Brown says he wrote while he was in Bedlam a play of twenty-five acts; and Mr Bowman tells me that going once to visit him there, Lee shewed him a scene, "in which," says he, "I have done a miracle for you." "What's that?" said Bowman. I have made you a good priest."

Oldys mentions another of his mad sayings, but does not mention with whom it passed.

"I have seen an unscrew'd spider spin a thought,
And walk away upon the wings of angels!"

"What say you to that, Doctor?" "Ah marry Mr. Lee, that's superfine indeed." The thought of a winged spider may catch sublime readers of poetry sooner than his web, but it will need a commentary in prose to render it intelligible to the vulgar.

RETALIATION.

A certain Secretary of the T——y, in the present administration, was lately asked by a particular friend, why he did not promote merit: to which he pertinently answered, "Why! because merit did not promote me."

Foote being some time since at a nobleman's house, his lordship, as soon as dinner was over, ordered a bottle of Cape to be set on the table, when, after magnifying its good qualities, and particularly its age, he sent it round the table in glasses that scarcely held a thimble full. Fine wine, upon my soul, says the wit, tasting and smacking his lips. Is it not very curious? says his lordship. Perfectly so, indeed, says the other, I do not remember to have seen any thing so little of its age in my life before.

THE QUIBBLE.

"Some friends were met to take a social treat,
The plates before the fire were plac'd for heat;
Says Will to Ned, 'a guinea I will bet,
As near as you I tell what plates are set.'
'Done,' exclaims Ned; 'I say fifteen; what you?'
'Fifteen,' says Will, 'and win your guinea too.'
'Pooh, pooh,' cried Ned. 'That your bet's lost 'tis clear,'
Retorted Will, 'for I have guess'd *as near*."

Dryden's Translation of Virgil being commended by a Right Rev. Bishop, a witty Earl said, The original is indeed excellent; but every thing suffers by a translation, except a Bishop.

When Mr. Love first appeared on Drury-lane theatre, in the character of Falstaff, being a man of some genius, he used to puff constantly in the newspapers, upon his excellency in the part; all which, however, availed but little, as he could never bring a full house. One Bignell sitting with a few of the players at the Black Lion, had taken up and filled a pipe, the funnel of which was stopt, and after several attempts to light it, he threw it down in a passion, saying, "By G—d, gentlemen, I'm like your new Falstaff; I have been puffing, and puffing, this long while past, but all to no purpose, for I'll be damn'd if I can draw."

The glorious answer of the Viscount d'Ortez to Charles the ninth, is never to be forgotten. It was to this effect: Sire, I have read the letter, enjoining a massacre of the Hugonots to the inhabitants of Bayonne. Your majesty has many faithful devoted subjects in this city, but not one executioner!

LORD CHANCELLOR HATTON.

During a cause in which the boundaries of a piece of land were to be ascertained, the counsel of the one part stated, "we lye on *this side*, my Lord;" and the counsel of the other part, "and *we* lye on *this* side." The Chancellor stood up and said, if *you lye on both sides*, whom will you have me to believe?

CHARLES JERVAS, THE PAINTER.

Whose name will descend to posterity rather as the intimate friend of Pope, whom he instructed to draw and paint, than for any high excellence in his art, possessed such an insuperable degree of vanity, that having succeeded happily in copying a picture of TITIAN, he looked first at the one, then at the other, and, with parental complacency, cried, "Poor little *Tit!* how he would stare."

Quin told Lady Berkely, that she looked blooming as the spring; but recollecting that the season was not then very promising, he added,—I would to God the spring would look like your Ladyship.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

It is proposed in England, as an object highly important in a commercial point of view, to make a small establishment in the now almost depopulated island of Otahiete; and to render it useful in navigation to and from Botany Bay, as a place where ships may procure abundant supplies of pork and vegetables. The king of Owhyhee is making himself master of the other Sandwich islands, and is improving them in agriculture and population.

It is mentioned with surprise in England, that there are now 27 distinct coaches which run from *Manchester*, in the course of a week, to different places of destination; whereas in 1770 there were only two. In this town of Boston there are 27, and ten years ago there were only three.

There are upwards of 200 warm springs in Portugal. And it deserves to be remarked, that the greatst number and the hottest of them, issue from granite.

The number of persons who visited the British Museum in 1805, was 11,989; in 1806, 11'824; and from January to June, 1807, 6,815.

The soporific effects of the exhalations of the saffron plant are singular. They greatly resemble those produced by opium, and are capable of occasioning death in feebie patients and children. In *Gatinias*, one of the French departments, where the plant grows, the disease is very prevalent among those who gather the flowers. It is best remedied by vinegar.

The French report the population of the 112 departments of that kingdom, at 36,060,104 persons. The land forces in 1805, at 607,671. The revenue, 256,500,000.

Turkey contains 49,173 square miles; 25,480,000 inhabitants: of which Turkey in Europe is 11,968 sq. miles; 11,040,000 inhabitants. Asiatic Turkey is 24,262 square miles; 11,090,000 inhabitants. The population of Constantinople is estimated at 500,000. Egypt, 12,943 square miles, containing 3,200,000 inhabitants.

DOMESTIC.

Prize Medals, offered by the Humane Society of Philadelphia, December 11, 1805.

For the best dissertation on the means of restoring to life, persons apparently dead from drowning, and more effectual than any yet in use, a Gold Medal, value Fifty Dollars.

For the second best, a Silver Medal, value Twenty Five Dollars.

The dissertations to be sent to the Secretary of the Society (post paid) by the first day of January 1808.

They may be written in the English, French or Latin language, to be accompanied with a sealed paper, containing the author's name and place of residence; which is not to be opened, unless the prize is decreed.

They shall be submitted to the judgment and decision of the Medical Professors of the University of Pennsylvania.

"SAUL, a Poem" by Sotheby, the elegant translator of "OBERON," is in the press of D. Carlisle. It is a blank verse Epic, in two parts, four books to a part.

William Fessenden, Brattleborough, Vt. has now in press, and will be published next week, a neat edition of Jones' Law of Bailments—12 mo—on an entire new type, and fine vellum paper. He has also in press Stewart's Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. This valuable book will be printed "page for page" from the Philadelphia edition, on a new pica type, and good paper.

Proposals are issued by Edmund M. Blunt, for publishing Brown's Dictionary of the Bible, from the last *London Edition*, in 2 vols. 8 vo. with maps.

Wright, Goodenow and Stockwell, of Troy, have in press a New work, entitled Travels in the year 1806 from Italy to England, by the Marquis de Salvo, in one Volume.

POETRY.

Mr. SOTHEBY stands conspicuous as one of the best poets of the present age. His translation of Wieland's Oberon, one of the most beautiful German poems, has gained him the tribute of admiration and applause, not only from all the critics of the age; but even from the author himself. There is a pleasure, says Dr. AIKIN, in noticing excellence, and in expatiating on the finer arts. One is betrayed into the welcome illusion that a portion of their lustre, a halo of their brilliance may overspread even the satellitious vapours that strive to ornament their course.

The following stanzas describing the falling asleep of Huon are beautifully poetical.

Insensibly the gentle hand of sleep
Unknits their slacken'd nerves, while sweet to hear
As warbled musick of the heavenly sphere,
Along the silent air soft voices sweep;
From every tree a sound melodious floats,
As if the leaves were chang'd to fairy throats:
And clear alike in all, the angel song,
Of soul-enchanting Mara flow'd along,
And tun'd a thousand trills, and swell'd the liquid notes.

Now gradual low the melody declin'd,
Full as at first, but sinking in its close,
Down to the cadence soothing to repose
Of the weak whisper of the summer wind,
When scarce a blossom trembles on the spray,
And scarce a wave in undulating play
Curls the clear lake the Naiad's knee around!
Huon, half slumberous, hears the expiring sound,
Then gently lull'd to rest, his senses die away.

He sleeps unmov'd till loud the early cock
Sounds to the world Aurora's fiery steed:
Wild wondrous dreams that restless fancy feed
Now sweetly charm his soul, now strangely shock:
He seems thro' pathless solitudes to rove,
By rills o'erhung with many a shady grove:
Near him a woman like a goddess stands,
Beam'd from her eye, heav'ns purest bliss expands,
And around her winning form soft wind the charms of love!

Can words the feelings of his soul convey?
Ah! till that time unfelt the force of love;
Transported, breathless, without power to move,
Alive but in his looks, that never stays
He stands, all wonder, rooted on the ground:
And when no more the vision hovers round,
He thinks the shade still swims before his gaze;
And when no more the sweet illusion plays,
Closes his languid eye, and dies in trance profound!

In conscious death, as rapt in charmed dream
He lay upon the bank, he feels a hand
Warm touch his icy heart, new pow'rs expand:
While waked to blissful life his glances beam
Upon the beauty radiant by his side,
He thinks a goddess deigns from heaven to glide
In all her charms confest to mortal view;
The forms of earth such graces never knew,
Thus lovelier glow'd the fair than when at first descried.

Their mingling glances shoot from heart to heart:
Soul speaks to soul. How quick, how strong, how warm!
At once the daylight dies—Amid the storm
That veils the heavens, portentous lightnings dart;
Roll'd in his fiery chariot, thunder raves,
Rous'd echo bellows from her mountain caves:
By more than mortal arm the goddess born,
Is in a whirlwind from his struggles torn,
And hurl'd before his sight amid the howling waves!

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